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ing little epistle, in Latin verse, by M. Van Braam, entitled, the Instability of Human Happiness. It records—a man and his wife, who had lived together ten years, happy in each other's affections, and in the education of an only son. They were all seized at the same time with the small-pox. The disease assumed a malignant aspect. At length it attained its height; and in the morning the son died—at noon, the wife—and at night, he who the day before was a beloved and loving husband, and affectionate father.

ANCIENT RECORDS.

Many facts transmitted to us in verse, are not on this account the less authentic. It may be said per-

haps that we are not to expect historic accuracy in poets: and it must be confessed, that we find in them marvellous tales, exaggerations, and a mixture of truth and falsehood, which are ascribable to the ignorance and bad taste of the times. But almost as much may be objected to the contemporary chronicles in prose; yet this is not a sufficient reason for rejecting indiscriminately the facts recorded in them, when we may presume they are true at the bottom, and only require to be stripped of certain accompaniments that savour of the fabulous, and of every thing that appears hyperbolical and improbable, to reduce them to their original simplicity.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WOMAN.

FROM THE WORKS OF JAMES STUART,
(JUST PUBLISHED).

WHEN half creation's works were done,
Just formed the stars, the glowing sun,
And softly blushing skies;
And wide across earth's dewy lawn
Gleamed the first glances of the dawn,
And flowers began to rise:

Clad in her robe of tender green,
Nature delighted viewed the scene,
Pleased with each novel form;
And from each sweetly-op'ning flower,
From hill and vale and shady bower,
She culled some lovely charm.

Soft o'er the lily's glowing white,
Tinged with the trembling ray of light,
She shed the rose's flush;
Just as the first-born morning gale,
Light-breathing o'er the spicy vale,
Deepened its virgin blush.

She drew the diamond from the mine,
And lustre from the stars that shine
Amid the cloudless sky;

And purest pearls, obscurely spread,
In ocean's dark and gloomy bed,
Remote from mortal eye.

She took the balmy vi'let's blue,
The sweet carnation's mellow hue,
Rich with the tear of night;
Though the young beam of rising day
Had melted half that tear away,
In the first stream of light.

And now in elegance arrayed,
Her last, her fairest work she made,
Almost a seraph's frame:
To animate this form was given
A gentle spirit sent from heaven,
And WOMAN was her name.

Then on her softly-smiling face
She lavished every winning grace,
And every charm was there;
Upon her eye, the vi'let's blue,
Upon her cheek, the rose's hue,
The lily every where.

Yes, on that eye was seen to play
The lustre of the stellar ray,
The diamond's humid glow!

She threw, to form her bosom's globe,
Life's tender flush and Beauty's robe,
On wreaths of virgin snow.

Then Woman's lips in smiles withdrew
Their veils of rich carnation hue,
And pearls appeared beneath;
And blest Arabia seemed to pour
The perfumes of its spicy store,
To mingle with her breath.

Hark! hark, she speaks, and silver strains
Melodious floating o'er the plains,
A nameless joy impart!
The Nightingale hath caught the tone,
And made that melting voice his own,
That vibrates on the heart.

Fond Nature cast her glance around
The glowing sky, the flow'ry ground,
The day-diffusing sun;
On Woman last, her darling child,
She gazed; and said, with accent mild,
"Creation's work is done."

DELOURA.

The author of the following poem never cost her parents five shillings in her education. She taught herself at five years of age to read the Bible. Her genius is exceeded by her modesty, and she has withheld, even from her friends, productions which would have done honour to any pen. M.L.

COME, my Eliza,—the returning Spring
O'er earth's fair bosom spreads her dewy wing;
The flowers expand, gay verdure clothes the mead,
And music warbles through the thickening shade.
Come, and with me, at least in fancy, rove
O'er the brown mountain, through th' umbrageous grove,
Thro' winding vales, where streams innumerable play,
And woods whose shade exclude the solar ray.
Where'er we turn, new scenes of beauty rise,
In swift succession to our raptur'd eyes;
Mountain on mountain, in rich robes array'd,
The promised harvest and luxuriant mead.
O, for the muse, which in mellifluous strains,
Pourtray'd the beauties of thy native plains;

Charms more than nature gave her lines display,
My theme must sink beneath the drooping lay.

But, hark! what sound my listening ear invades!
Rolls not a torrent through yon darkening shades?

Yes, 'tis the stream in story famed so long,
And still the theme of many a rural song;
The mighty stream*, by thousand rivulets fed,

How rolls majestic o'er its rocky bed.
But when increas'd by fierce autumnal showers,

O'er the rough rock precipitant it pours,
While wild with rage it dashes either shore,
Th' woods rebellow to the torrent's roar.
There massy rocks, from their foundation's torn,

In shatter'd fragments by the flood are borne.
Here the tall oak, so long the mountain's pride,
Dash'd from its seat, is whelm'd beneath the tide;

No more opposing mounds its rage restrain,
It bursts the bank, and deluges the plain,
While the pale peasant from the mountain's brow,
Sees ruin rolling through the vales below.

Hither, Eliza, turn thy wondering eyes,
High o'er the flood see the cleft mountain rise;

Abrupt it rises!—should the mountain deer
Or wandering goat, plant their light footsteps here,

The turf, unfaithful to their weight, would go,
And bear them headlong to the gulf's below.

Sure 'twas the hand of desolation tore
Thee from thy seat, and placed thee on the shore,

* The river Delour rises amid the Queen's County mountains. On one side rises a hill of considerable height, which looks as if it had been cleft in two by some convulsion of nature, and one half thrown on the bank of the river, from the surface of which it rises almost perpendicular, but on the other side slopes off gradually. A grove on the summit shades the torrent below. This spot for ages bears the title of the Lover's Leap.